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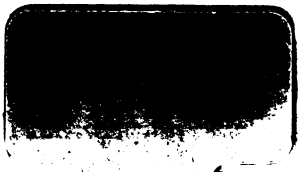
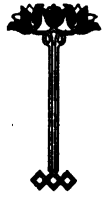


MASTERS AND SLAVES

By

C. H. WUNDERLICH



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THE AUTHOR.

Copyrighted November 6th, 1912.

CAST

James R. Winslow,....A Millionaire Pork Packer.

Walter Winslow,.....His Son, a Yale Graduate.

Henry Howard,.....A Cattle Dealer.

Fritz Hinkle,.....A German Worker.

Mr. Raymond,.....Superintendent. (Doubled by Howard.)

Dave Owens,.....Friend of Walter's.

Morgan,.....Keeper of the Employment Office.

Henry Powers,.....An Old Cattle Dealer.

Billy Wallace.....An I. W. W. Enthusiast.

Hans Swanson,.....A Laborer. (A bit in Act Two only.)

Sam Jackson,.....A Laborer. (A bit in Act Two only.)

Simpson, ...A Jailer. (Doubled by Morgan.)

Florence Winslow,.....With her father's point of view.

Grace Owens,.....Dave's Sister.

Miss Fabor,.....Senator Fabor's Daughter.

Miss Smith,.....A Stenographer.

Laborers, Police and Sympathizers.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY

ACT I. The Chicago Office of Winslow's Pork Packing Company. Father and Son.

ACT II. Scene, a Street in Chicago. The Employment Office. The Great Strike.

ACT III. The City Prison.

ACT IV. Home of Dave Owens.

SETTING. ACT I.

Scene. Mr. Winslow's Office. There is a window C. looking out on a street backing. A door R. I. E. which leads into interior of offices. A double door up L. U. E. leading to the street. A safe L. of window C., A filing cabinet R. of Window C. A large flat top desk C. a swivel chair behind it. Two chairs on either side of desk. A typewriter against flat L. Book cases with legal books and papers about room. Medallion down. Desk telephone on desk. Writing paper, etc. The window is to be a double window C. The office to be elegantly fitted up. The time is about 11 A. M.

Street Backing.

C.

Window.

Filing Cabinet — Safe.

Bookcase.

Entrance.

Entrance.

Typewriter.

Desk and Chairs.

MASTERS AND SLAVES

ACT I.

Discovered at rise. Stenographer at work at typewriter L. 2 E. Winslow seated at desk C. writing, and looking over papers.

Winslow.

(To Stenographer.) Take this letter—Miss Smith. (Stenographer takes her book over to his desk C.)

(Dictating.) Senator Faber, Senate of the United States, Washington, D. C. My dear Senator: In reference to yours of the tenth, I would say that we are much concerned over the legislation pending in the house, looking towards an investigation of the large corporations, and with particular reference to our company. We feel that this investigation is merely to make political capital for the gentleman who occupies the White House. We look to you to protect our interests should it ever reach the Senate. Yours very truly—that's all. (The Stenographer goes back to her desk and transcribes her notes. Winslow goes back to reading his mail.)

Walter.

(Enters from R. I. E. with the New York Sun in his hand.) Good morning, Father.

Winslow.

Good morning, Walter. I may have to send you to Washington this week. Election is coming on, and they are at the old game of trying to make votes by hectoring the big business interests.

Walter.

(Sitting on R. corner of desk and reading the Sun.) It wouldn't be so bad if they would do things, but they get no farther than talk.

Winslow.

(Looks at his son questioningly.) And a mighty good thing for the country.

Walter.

It all depends on the point of view. (Hands him the paper at the market quotations.) Have you seen the market quotations this morning?

Winslow.

(Taking the paper.) No—anything of interest?

Walter.

Tremendous interest, read it. (He sits at Chair R. of Table C.)

Winslow.

(Sits at the table C. and reads aloud.) The wholesale price of beef has advanced two cents per pound. (Winslow rubs his hands together with enjoyment.) Advanced two cents a pound, eh? That means to me a clean-up of half a million dollars.

Walter.

Yes, but do you ever stop to think of what that advance of two cents means to the consumers who are largely of the working class?

Winslow.

What is your interest in the "Working man"? They will pay the advance as they have always done before. And they will pay exactly what we demand. If they don't want to buy, they don't have to. Nor do we have to sell except at our own price. My expenses this year will be enormous. I want a new steam yacht, and Florence must have an increased allowance. Since she has taken up this pet Angora Cat fad, her outlay is tremendous.

Walter.

(Hotly.) Its about time Florence tried to do something useful. She ought to be learning something about housekeeping, instead of being head nurse to a lot of cats. The money she spends on her fads would feed

and clothe ever so many poor families.

Winslow.

What is the matter with you, Walter? I have noticed lately that you are spending a good deal of your time reading socialistic literature. Can't you find something more interesting?

Walter.

No, sir.

Winslow.

Well, if you find that the reading interferes with your personal prospects— (Telephone Bell rings; Winslow answers the telephone.) Hello. What? Yes, I have just read the quotations; it was a nicely planned coup. If you think the market will stand another raise —if only a half a cent on the by-products, send them up. All right. Good bye. (Hangs up.)

Walter.

Are you ordering another raise in prices, Father?

Winslow.

Yes—it's good business.

Walter.

I doubt it.

Winslow.

(Sharply.) What do you mean by that?

Walter.

That I'm not satisfied with the present method of conducting business.

Winslow.

Nonsense. You have no reason to be dissatisfied. You have everything you want. I gave you a good education. You have a good home, and I will give you a good start in business any time you desire it. What is the matter with you—disappointed in love? You act as though you had been jilted.

Walter.

It is not a love affair. I am thinking of the men, women and children who are being ground into dollars

by the greed of the trusts.

Winslow.

(Mad.) But, damn it! boy, that is rank anarchy. I don't want to hear any more of that soap-box patter out of you—we'll leave that to the muck-rakers.

(A clerk enters from L. U. with a card. He hands it to Winslow. Walter goes upstage in thought.)

Winslow.

Show him in.

(The Clerk exits L. U. E.) Walter, Henry Howard, a cattle dealer from Texas, has called to see me on business. I want to see you after he leaves.

Walter.

All right, sir. (Exits R. I. E.)

Clerk.

(Shows in Henry Howard; a rough Western cattle man. The clerk exits again L. U. E.)

Howard.

Good morning, Mr. Winslow.

Winslow.

(Rises to greet him; motions him to a seat L. of desk C.) Good morning, Howard. When did you get in?

Howard.

This morning.

Winslow.

How is everything down your way?

Howard.

Not very good, Mr. Winslow. We've had a bad summer in Texas, and feed is mighty scarce, and I may have to drive all my cattle north into Oklahoma, or lose thousands through starvation and sickness.

Winslow.

It's too bad, Howard. Don't you think it would be better to sell all your livestock at a fair price than to take chances of losing them?

Howard.

That is exactly what I have come to see you about.

Are you in the market for beef at present?

Winslow.

Well—no, Howard, I am not; but I could take a few thousand head at a fair price.

Howard.

Well, what do you think is a fair price?

Winslow.

Fifteen dollars a head.

Howard.

Fifteen dollars a head! Why, Mr. Winslow, the latest market report quotes beef at two cents per pound higher. I ought to get at least twenty-five dollars a head.

Winslow.

Impossible! You know, Howard, I can't pay that price for Texas steers. They are too thin for the market, and must be fattened at an additional expense. I have quoted you a fair price. If you are satisfied, I will buy all of your stock and pay cash for same. If not—we will consider the matter settled. It is immaterial to me whether I buy or not, as we have on hand at the present time in cold storage enough meat to feed the world for six months.

Howard.

(Depressed—studies a moment.) Of course I know business is business. But no matter which way I turn, I lose. I do the work—take all the risk—and pocket all the loss. And those who do none of the work—nor take the risk, make the profit. Somehow it doesn't seem fair.

Winslow.

We do not make conditions, Howard, and no one forces you to sell. Come, what is it going to be?

Howard.

All right—you can have my entire stock at the figure you have mentioned.

Winslow.

You are satisfied with my terms, then?

Howard.

No, but I am forced to accept them. I guess the trouble with me has been, that I've worked too hard, and I'm going to quit.

Winslow.

(Walter enters. And stays up stage and hears the rest of the scene.) Quit? What would the world do if everybody was to stop working?

Howard.

I don't know—I'm getting so I don't care. But it looks as though if we all were to stop raising cattle—except enough for our own wants, the men who make the profits out of our cattle would have to do a little raising themselves.

Winslow.

Oh, no, we would simply hire men to do the work for us, and the added cost would go on the price of the beefsteak. You stick to raising cattle, Howard—we need them.

Howard.

Yes—but at your own price.

Winslow.

Of course—of course. Now you call back here tomorrow, and we will conclude the arrangements. (Rises, as though ending the interview.) Keep on raising cattle, Howard. We need them—we need them.

Howard.

All right—at eleven o'clock tomorrow. (He starts for L. U. E. and Winslow follows him up.)

Winslow.

Eleven o'clock. (Going up and off L. U. E. with him.) Now, if you want to sell your ranch—

Howard.

No, thanks—my two boys have the first chance. (They both exit L. U. E.)

Walter.

I wonder how long these poor devils will submit to this robbery. How long will they allow these greedy corporations, who control the prices of the necessities of life, to keep the majority of people on the verge of starvation? (He starts to exit R. I. E. when Florence, his sister, enters L. U. E.)

Florence.

Hello, Walter. Where's Dad?

Walter.

(Shortly.) Squeezing the last cent from his latest victim.

Florence.

Dear me, but you're rude this morning. You should have seen the lovely time I've had. Clinton took me out for a ride in his new car. But as usual, something occurred to mar the end of the trip.

Walter.

What was it?

Florence.

We stopped at the garage for a moment, when an old woman came up and asked for money. I just hate those dirty old beggars to come near me.

Walter.

Did it ever occur to you that she was somebody's mother? (Florence tilts her chin with impatience.) You insulted her, and turned her away of course.

Florence.

Oh, I threw her a dime.

Walter.

With less feeling than you throw a bone to your dog. A dime to a woman who was hungry perhaps. Your generosity will break you, that's evident.

Florence.

Preaching again? (Impatiently shrugs her shoulders.) You are perfectly horrid this morning. (She starts up L. U. E.)

Walter.

Yes, and you're an ignorant fool because you can't see the truth.

Florence.

(Starts down to him angrily.) Don't you dare call me a fool!

(Winslow enters L. U. E.) I'm not half as big a fool as you are—with your eternal preaching—

Winslow.

Florence!

Florence.

Well, I just can't stand Walter's insulting manner. I think you had better send for a doctor—he needs one.

Winslow.

What's the matter with him?

Florence.

He needs a doctor to cure his grouch. (Up stage laughing.)

Winslow.

What seems to be the matter with you? I've noticed a change in you lately. Its about time you were actively engaged in some business. If you care to—I'll speak to the directors about making you a junior partner in the firm.

Walter.

No, thank you. I don't think I'm cut out for this business.

Winslow.

(Impatiently.) Well, some other business, then.

Walter.

Business! I'm sick of the word. As conducted now, it is little better than robbery.

Winslow.

(Roars it out.) Then what do you want?

Walter.

I want to do some good in the world. I want a chance to help others instead of robbing them.

Winslow.

You are talking like a damn fool. What have you in common with that unwashed rabble?

Walter.

Everything—except that they earn money—and I spend it.

Winslow.

What the devil put such crazy ideas in your head? Is this what they teach you at Yale?

Walter.

No, sir, I am learning of these things at a school that never closes—the school of experience.

Winslow.

But why should you be worrying about the common people? They are not in your class. We have always had poor people in the world, and always will have. This great government is the best in the world, where everybody is born free and equal.

Walter.

They may be born free and equal, but before they have discarded their baby clothes they are forced into the ranks of the wage earners, and are practically slaves to Capitalism for the balance of their lives.

Florence.

(Coming down.) What nonsense. If you have no consideration for yourself, please have some for mother and me. What would our set say if you allied yourself with those bloodthirsty wretches, the agitators. Why don't you go into some honorable business?

Walter.

(With heat.) Honorable business—like father's—I suppose you mean?

Winslow.

No son of mine shall ever disgrace me by identifying himself with a lot of anarchists. They are fostering rebellion.

Walter.

Yes—but it will be a rebellion where the ballot will take the place of bullets.

Winslow.

The ballot—the only weapon they know how to use —is the knife and black-jack—the rebels.

Walter.

Rebels—that's the word, rebels. You put them in the same class as the founders of this country who rebelled against a king because of his oppression. They prayed, and pleaded for deliverance, and failing that, they took to the sword. The king called them traitors, the king called them rebels, and hung them at every opportunity. This country was born in bloodshed and fire, and the men who were called rebels and traitors by the king—we acclaim them patroits, and set aside the fourth day of July to do them honor. (Walter exits R. I. E.)

Florence.

(They pause. Father and daughter look at each other thunder-struck.) Well, well!

Winslow.

Rebels! The whole damned country is saturated with them.

Florence.

Oh, don't pay any attention to Walter, he's crazy. (Winslow seats himself at the desk.) Be home early tonight, Dad. We have a reception in honor of Senator Fabor's daughter.

Winslow.

I can't make it. I have a meeting of the Board of Directors.

Florence.

Oh, bother the Board of Directors!

Winslow.

That's exactly what it will do if I am not there. But what do you want down here so early in the day?

Florence.

Some money, Dad—and I am afraid you will go straight up in the air, when you learn the amount.

Winslow.

How much?

Florence.

Five thousand dollars.

Winslow.

What for?

Florence.

Dressmakers—and I want another cat. I've been losing a lot of money at bridge lately. I just can't lose my bad luck.

Winslow.

(Getting out his check book.) All right. Though you burn up three times more money than your brother. (Writing out the check and, handing her.) Here you are!

Florence.

(Taking it carelessly.) Thanks, Daddy. (Starts up.)

Miss Fabor.

(Enters from R. U. E. To Florence.) Ah, I thought you were here. (To Winslow.) How do you do, Mr. Winslow?

Winslow.

(Rises to greet her.) How do you do, Miss Fabor? Is the Senator in town?

Miss Fabor.

No, he's in Washington. Where is Walter?

Florence.

In the dumps—or the grouches, or something.

Walter.

(Enters excitedly from R. I. E.) Father—have you heard of the terrible accident at the packing plant? Dave Owens—my chum's father—fell into a vat of boiling water, and was scalded to death.

Winslow.

Your chum's father! Do you mean to say you chum with a man who is in my employ?

Walter.

Yes—and am proud of it! (Pause.) But that ain't the point—his father was scalded to death!

Winslow.

(Seats himself at desk, and prepares to finish reading his mail.) That's too bad.

Walter.

Is that all you have to say?

Winslow.

What is there to say? They took him home of course.

Walter.

Yes, and when they took the dead body home his wife, who has been ill for some time, died from the shock.

Winslow.

(Impatiently.) How unfortunate! We don't want too much publicity of this kind just now, and it must be kept from the press. (In phone.) Standard—9742, please. (While waiting for connection.) This is an almost every-day occurrence at the packing house and cannot be helped. (In phone.) Hello! Is that you, Jenkins? Is this the Press Department? Well, when Mr. Jenkins returns, tell him to make sure the newspapers don't print a word about that Owens accident. It's Mr. Winslow speaking. (Hangs up phone.) It's a good thing we have influence with the Coroner, or we would have a damage suit on our hands every day, which would soon ruin us.

Walter.

What! You have even debauched the Coroner?

Winslow.

You are not choice in your selection of words, sir. The Coroner will simply select a jury of business men

who will promptly bring in a verdict of accidental death, caused by his own negligence, with no responsibility to the company. I haven't the time to bother with such trifles.

Walter.

Trifles! Good God! do you call the loss of a human life a trifle?

Winslow.

(Impatiently.) Accidents are liable to happen at any time. You are making a mountain out of a molehill. If you'll excuse me, I'll finish my letters. (Resumes his work as though the subject was ended.)

Miss Fabor.

(As Walter starts to exit in disgust R. I. E.) Walter, have you no greeting for me?

Walter.

(Coldly.) How do you do, Miss Fabor?

Miss Fabor.

You don't seem at all glad to see me .

Walter.

(Impatiently.) That is only your imagination. My mind is troubled about other things, more important than a woman's trifles.

Miss Fabor.

Really? (Turns haughtily away.)

Florence.

Don't pay any attention to him today, Lenora. He's simply impossible. (They start up exit. L. U. E.)

Walter.

Father—

Raymond.

(Enters from L. U. E., is excited. Has an open letter in his hand; comes down L. of desk C. The girls stop at exit L. U. E.) Excuse me, Mr. Winslow—this is important.

Winslow.

What is it, Raymond?

Raymond.

I have just received a very important communication from the Teamsters' Union. (Hands him letter.)

Winslow.

(Takes it and reads aloud. Winslow C. Girls go back to G. Raymond L. of Desk C. Walter R. of desk.) The Winslow Packing Company—Gentlemen: Owing to the increased cost of living, we hereby demand an increase of twenty per cent. in our wages on and after the first day of May, 1913. If we do not hear from you favorably before the 30th day of April, we shall be obliged to call all the teamsters from their wagons, on strike. Hoping this matter will be satisfactorily adjusted, I remain, Yours truly. James Casey, Secretary, Teamster's Union No. 162, Chicago, Illinois. (Pause.)

Give my compliments to Mr. Casey, and tell him to go to hell. (He tears up the note, and resumes his work.)

Raymond.

(With hesitating manner.) Mr. Winslow, may I suggest—

Winslow.

If they are not satisfied with their present wages, we will either hire Farley's Strike Breakers, close down, or import a few hundred foreigners to take their places. Something will have to be done to teach these unions a lesson, and we might as well begin here.

Walter.

Father—do you know what you are doing?

Winslow.

Yes, nor do I need your advice, sir. Keep out of this. This is a man's job, not a dreamer's.

Walter.

Dreamer! It is you who are dreaming. You cannot be awake to the horrible reality. You are going to take the bread out of the mouths of hundreds of people, and this very night, a banquet will be held at our

house—the table will be loaded down with the best that money can buy—while the men who have earned it for us are to lose their chance to make a living.

Winslow.

Now, get that trash out of your head. Don't make a fool of yourself or take up my time expounding such damned rot.

Walter.

(Firmly—and getting excited.) Listen—you must listen! These men have demanded only what is right. The wages these poor devils receive is hardly enough to keep body and soul together. The price of beef has gone up two cents a pound. It doesn't cost you more to produce it. Why not let them share the increase?

Winslow.

That's unheard of—it's rank heresy. I'll not stop and listen to such nonsense.

Walter.

(As his father rises and turns away to L. U. Walter gets him by the arm and whirls him around.) You shall listen to what I have to say. You shall hear what really caused the death of Mr. Owens. They were on the verge of starvation—the mother was ill from overwork—two weeks ago the father became discouraged through his inability to pay the rent. He saw an advertisement in a daily paper which offered the sum of twenty-five dollars for a good healthy man to give up a quart of his blood to be used in a transfusion operation. Mr. Owens offered himself—was accepted. and gave a quart of his blood that another might live, and with the twenty-five dollars he paid the rent. Two days ago he received employment in your packing house, but through the loss of blood, he became so weak that in passing a vat of boiling hot water, he stumbled and fell into it. His body was taken home. The shock killed his wife. Can you not see that home

now? Dull and desolate—the dead wage slaves lying side by side. They had fought life's fierce battle and lost. The two children, Dave and Grace, weeping bitterly over the bodies of the ones they loved, and who loved them. Who are the real murderers of such people? The capitalists—the capitalists!

Winslow.

(In a rage.) How dare you talk in this manner to me!

Walter.

Dare? I dare because I am my father's son—with my father's courage, which makes me see now what a relentless master capitalism is. It has driven these slaves to work—has regulated their hours of labor—has held a lease on their lives, and now that they are dead, will determine whether or not they shall be buried in the Potters' Field. The government keeps the soldiers and sailors—feeds and clothes them, whose only mission is to kill—but starves the souls and bodies of the men and women who give the sweat of their brows for our sustenance.

Winslow.

You cannot preach this doctrine here. What of your future? What will Senator Fabor say when he learns that the man who hopes to be his son-in-law is a rank muckraker?

Walter.

Let Senator Fabor think what he pleases. I am done with society. It is stained with the blood of human souls. Senator Fabor is your tool. It is in his power to help better the conditions of the worker. He has been elected by the people to serve them, but he srves himself, and works for the Trusts alone.

Lenora (Miss Fabor.)

Is it manly to attack a man who is not here to defend himself?

Walter.

This is not a time for the niceties of life. In such times as these a man doesn't stop to think—he acts!

Miss Fabor.

(Pulling off her engagement ring.) There is your class ring—it is usually worn by gentlemen. (She exits without another word. L. U. E.)

Florence.

Walter! Are you crazy. Do you know what you have done?

Walter.

Yes. This wedding was arranged for both of us—a financial affair. So that two great fortunes might be joined—not our hearts.

Winslow.

You have made a pretty mess of things, I must say.

Florence.

If he keeps on, he will make us the laughing stock of our friends.

Winslow.

He will never have that chance. I have done everything for you that an indulgent father could for his only son, and this is how you requite. Now hear me! You cannot continue about me making a fool of yourself and a laughing stock of this family. You are not a workingman—his quarrel is not yours.

Walter.

I don't wish to fight you, Father, it is what you represent. Give me my share of what will eventually fall to me; let me go out in the world, and help undo what misery you have caused, and I will never trouble you again. (To door.)

Winslow.

Not one cent of my money will you ever receive while you hold the views you do. My money can be put to better use than to breed agitators.

Florence.

(Comes down and pleads with him.) For my sake, Walter, let the matter drop. Please do nothing rash. Mother will grieve her heart out.

Walter.

I would do anything to save her pain. But what of the other mothers who are dying—starving for kindness—what is one to thousands?

Winslow.

You ungrateful dog, you would place this rabble before your own mother or me? Then you shall have your choice. Get out of this office!

Florence.

(Interrupts him—pleading for Walter.) Father—wait!

Winslow.

Go to your new friends and see what they have to offer you, for on my oath I'll disown you, I'll—

Florence.

(Same business.) Father—father! Think of mother!

Winslow.

I never wish to see your face again.

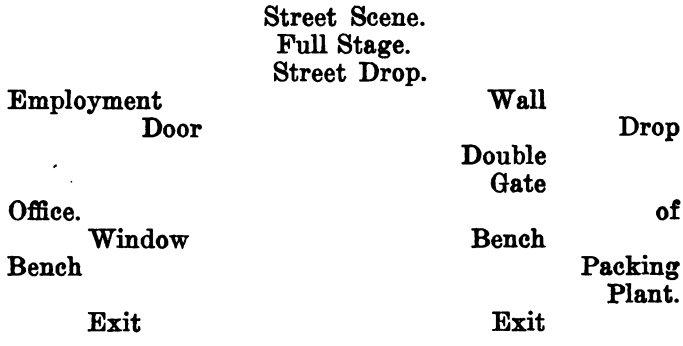
Walter.

It shall be as you say. From this time forth I become a soldier of the common good. (As though inspired.) With all my heart—with all my brain I'll go out into the world and battle for human rights!

(Curtain.)

(Second Curtain. Walter exit. Winslow is overcome and is seated at desk C. his head in his arms. Florence is at door L. U., looking after him. Raymond is standing looking on R.)

ACT II.



(Scene: A street. The back drop to represent a neighborhood in a manufacturing part of the city. The buildings are frame, a dilapidated wholesale district. The set is in full stage. On the R. is an employment agency, taking up a third of the stage and leaving an entrance back off R. U. E. There is a door leading into employment office C. of dividing flats. In front, and facing the audience, is the window that people transact their business, in looking for employment. Plastered all over the building are signs telling of jobs to be had, and are to include R. R. work—packing house positions, etc. There is a bench against the flat C. Another small bench R. of window, facing audience. On L. of stage is a double gate set in a wall which leads into the packing plant. The plant is seen painted on a panorama drop. There is a bench set against the wall. The time is daytime.)

(At the rise of the curtain, Mr. Morgan, the man who runs the employment agency at the window, is

attending to business. He is flashily dressed with large diamonds. Lolling about the place are a dozen or so supers—roughly dressed, and having the appearance of men who have been out of work a long time. The men enter and exit after looking at the signs, others loll about. After the curtain is up, Dave Owens and his sister Grace enter; they look at the signs together. They enter from R. L. E., Walter enters from C. Comes down and meets them C.)

Dave.

Hello, Walter! (Shakes hands.) What are you doing here? This is hardly in your line—is it?

Walter.

(Raising his hat to Grace.) Hello, Dave. What's the matter with you two—have you both quit your job at the packing-house?

Dave.

No, we were canned. We entered suit for ten thousand dollars damages against the company, on account of the death of my father, and they let us out.

Walter.

That's their way of doing business.

Dave.

What are you doing here—not looking for a job?

Walter.

Yes. Father and I had a row. I couldn't stand the way they do business, and after letting him know what I thought of him, and the rest of the system, we quarreled and I am out of it for good.

Grace.

You have—you have left home?

Walter.

Yes. It may go hard with me at first, but I am going to try and make good on my own hook.

Dave.

Have you any prospects?

Walter.

Not as yet. I inquired at a few places today, but it was the same old story wherever I went—"Leave your name and address." A good many have signs nailed up, "No help wanted," so I came here—to buy a job.

Dave.

That's what we'll have to do, I guess. Father did. and he was out of work half the time. Gee, what a bunch of idle men around here! (They go L. against wall of packing plant and talk in dumb show.)

Fritz.

(Enters from L. I. E. Goes C.) So this is der embloyment office! Yes, yes? Py chiminy, I bin valking und valking der whole day und my feets get sore. Der whole vall iss covered mit—mit chob signs. (He strolls about and reads all the signs.)

Dave.

Where are you living now, Walter?

Walter.

Not at any particular place; I haven't any job.

Dave.

Why not come and stay with us, till you get settled. Grace and I would only be too glad, wouldn't we, Grace?

Grace.

Indeed, yes; we have lots of room.

Walter.

That would be imposing on you.

Dave.

Not at all; we would be glad to have you.

Walter.

All right, but when you get tired of me, just say so, and I'll get out. (They laugh and talk in dumb show.)

Fritz.

(Has been looking at all the signs—stands scratching his head—he goes to bench R. of window.) Py

golly, vot a bunch! I tink I take a nap vile I vait for some of dis crowd to go away. (He sits on the bench with his legs spread apart and is soon snoring. During the following scene a super dressed as a thief walks by him—looks at him, and his shoes—then seeing that nobody is looking—takes off his shoes and makes off with them R. I. E. The shoes are rough gaiters).

Walter.

There must be something to do for a man who is willing to work. I have always thought that many men did not work because they were not anxious to find it—I'm beginning to think differently.

Dave.

That's what the rich think, but they are mistaken. The fact is, that there are more men out of work than there are jobs to go around. A good many of them stand it for awhile, and go hungry for weeks till something turns up. Others become criminals and rarely ever work again.

Walter.

I wonder how long this condition of things will continue?

Dave.

Until we change it.

(Thief steals shoes exists R. I.)

Morgan.

(Sticks his head out of the window and sees Fritz asleep and snoring heavily.) Hey, you. What do you think this is—a lodging house?

Fritz.

(Waking up and discovers his shoes gone.) Hey! vat? (He pulls his feet up—jumps with a start.) Ouch! Gott in Himmel! Vare iss my shoes? (Jumps to C. of stage.)

Dave.

What's the matter?

Fritz.

Some bum sthole my shoes, und dot vas der only ones I got.

Grace.

How mean!

Fritz.

(Loudly.) Hey? Iss der anyone from you peebles see a pair of shoes running round loose mitout a pair of legs in dem?

Morgan.

(Coming to the door.) What's all this disturbance about?

Fritz.

Some loafer sthole my shoes.

Morgan.

You rough-necks are always howling about something. Cut out the rough stuff. What do you think this is anyway, a hotel where you sleep? (All laugh loudly except Dave, Grace and Walter.)

Fritz.

Py Golly, I vant my shoes. My feet vill get cold. (The supers crowd around him—holding their fingers to their noses—point to his feet and nudge each other —several exclaim, "Why don't you take a bath?" "Turn the hose on 'em," etc.) And exit in disgust.

Morgan.

Say, if you don't stop that racket—I'll beat the head off you.

(Down to him C.)

Fritz.

For vat—pecause some bum sthole my shoes?

Morgan.

Say, if you want anything around here, well and good. If not, get out. This is not a hang-out for bums.

Fritz.

My name is Fritz Hinkle. Och, vot a fresh guy!

If dis iss no place for bums, vat apout dot guy dot sthole mine shoes? I'm looking for a job.

Morgan.

Then keep quiet. Come inside and if you've got the price I'll get you one. (Fritz, Dave and Walter and Grace sit on bench against wall L.)

Fritz.

(Addressing them on bench L.) I had a tough time since I come to dese United Trusts von Amerika.

Dave.

What are you going to do now?

Fritz.

Dry dis embloyment office vonce. I believe der clerk sthole my shoes. Mine friendt told me dey vas robbers. He said he bought a chob from one of dese agents for one dollar. Dey send him to work as trucker in a varehouse. He only vorked two days, and vas canned as slick as a sardines. He only earned three dollars and fifty cents in der two days—paid two dollars board—twenty cents for car-fare—one dollar for fee, und only had thirty cents left to wrastle for anodder chob, py chiminey! (Suddenly jams his hat down on his head as though fearful someone would steal that.) Py Gott in Himmel! I must vatch my hat und clothes, some bum might steal dem.

Walter.

Never mind, old man! Sit down with us—we'll see what we can do for you. (He sits and they converse in dumb show.)

Sam Jackson.

(A colored man enters R. L. E. at window.) I saw your ad. in dis morning's paper, boss.

Morgan.

Hello! Here is a nigger that can read.

Sam Jackson.

I—I ain't no nigger, I'se a collud person, sah, not looking for trouble, but looking for a job, sah.

Morgan.
Looking for a job, eh?
Sam Jackson.
Yes, sir, I'se looking for a job.
Morgan.
What kind of a job do you want?
Sam.
What you got?
Morgan.
Railroad work in the country.
Sam.
Sure nough!
Morgan.
(Prepares blank.) What's your name?
Sam Jackson.
Sam Washington Jackson, sah.
Morgan.
All right—sign here. (Indicates line—Sam signs.) One dollar for fee, and your fare, four dollars and sixty-nine cents altogether. (Fritz strolls over to window interested.)
Sam.
What's the $3.69 foah?
Morgan.
That's for the railroad fare.
Sam.
Why, youah ad. says "Free Fare."
Morgan.
Yes, you pay the fare, and the Railroad Company refunds it again when you get there.
Sam.
I had dat ole gag sprung on me befoah, Mister Employment Agency.
Morgan.
Say, Nigger, if you want a job from this office, you've got to come through with the coin, see? If you

can't pay the small fee we ask, I can't do anything for you. I have no time to waste.

Sam.

(Slowly pulls out purse—takes out a five-dollar bill.) Dat's de last dollar to my name, Boss. (Morgan takes the money, disappears from window.)

Fritz.

Py golly! Dot's a tough way to dreat a human peing!

Sam.

Yes, sah—and when dey skins me outah dat $3.69 I ain't got no comeback—de best I gets is ten days in jail for disturbin' de peace.

Morgan.

Here's your railroad fare, and here's your change—don't spend it all in one place. (Hands him the ticket and change.)

Sam.

Thank you, boss, I done got to work all week and live on dis change.

(Sam walks up C. and off R. U. E.)

Fritz.

(To Walter.) Golly! Dis iss der land of der free —und der home of der suckers.

Hans Swanson.

(Enters. L. I. E. and walks quickly to window R.; he is angry.) Ay, Boss! Ay want my money.

Morgan.

Hello, Hans! What's the matter?

Hans Swanson.

Ay tank ay bane cheated.

Morgan.

What's the trouble?

Hans Swanson.

You yarge me one dollar—I go up to country on railroad work, when aye get thare—no man wanted. Ay pay tree dollars and sixty-nine cents fare, and one

dollar's fee. This bane a bunco game.

Morgan.

We can't help that. The jobs are there—if you don't get there on time, how can you expect to get work?

Hans Swanson.

Py yiminy! I took da fairst train I could get my feet on.

Fritz.

It's a vunder der railroad company didn't arrest you for takin' der train.

Morgan.

You keep out of this, Germany; this ain't your butt-in. (All laugh.)

Fritz.

Oh poo-pooh for you!

Morgan.

What's that? (Comes out of office.)

Hans Swanson.

(Angrily to Fritz.) Close your face—you hunk of Dutch cheese.

Fritz.

(Angrily.) Don't you call me no Dutch cheese, you big Sveede. (They both assume threatening attitudes. Morgan throws Swede aside—Walter jumps in and restrains Fritz.)

Morgan.

Cut this out, both of you. (Morgan C. Walter L. of him. Hans R.)

Hans Swanson.

I came here to talk business, not to fight.

Morgan.

Well, go to it then.

Hans Swanson.

I would like to know, do I get my money back?

Morgan.

No, sir. When we send you to a job and you fail

to get it on account of being too late, that is not our fault. You should have reported right back to this office before twenty-four hours.

Hans Swanson.

How could I gate back when it takes me ten hours to gate here und den no trains running back that night? I must wait und take der fairst train in the morning, which I did.

Morgan.

Well, I won't give you the money back, and that settles it. I can send you to a rock quarry, where you will surely get work.

Hans Swanson.

Ay don't want anything more to do wit you. I will naver buy nodder yob from embloyment offace. (Exits angrily R. L. E.)

Morgan.

(Looking after him.) These foreigners are always making the big squeal. An American would have said, "Stung!" and grinned.

Dave.

Have you got anything outside railroad work and the quarry?

Morgan.

Yes. I need three or four girls and eight or ten men for the Winslow Packing Co.

Dave.

Do all large corporations, and the small concerns secure their help in this way?

Morgan.

Most of them. They come for help, and we're here for the coin there is in it to supply them.

Walter.

With a nice little graft on the side.

Morgan.

Say, young fellow, what's that to you?

Walter.

It means a good deal to a man who has to earn his own living. It is a graft between the employer and the employment agent to skin the poor unfortunate wage-earner. A slave market pure and simple, just as the black slaves were sold before the Civil War. A traffic no decent man would engage in.

Morgan.

Well, the law is with us, and that's all we want.

Walter.

What chance is there of these three friends of mine and myself getting a job?

Morgan.

All the chance in the world—if you've got the price. I'll get you to work in a packing house.

Walter.

Whose packing house—Winslow's?

Morgan.

Yes—what's the difference?

Walter.

(With a glance at the rest.) None—I guess.

Morgan.

Where's the coin—that's what talks here.

Walter.

(Paying over the four dollars.) Here! This money I'm paying you is what it costs me to find that America is not a free country.

Morgan.

No one but a politician claims it is—do they? I'll make out your receipt. (As he starts for the door of employment office.)

Powers.

(A man of about fifty years enters from R. U. E., and comes down C. and accosts Morgan C., as he is turning into door R.) For God's sake, Mr. Morgan, give me work!

Morgan.

You around here again! I told you to keep away from here if you didn't have the price.

Powers.

(The men are interested in this scene, and gather around. Dave, Walter, Grace and Fritz.) But I will pay you as soon as I get work. For God's sake, trust me, and give me work. My wife is sick, and my three children are starving.

Morgan.

What about my wife and children: They would starve, too, if I gave you guys work for nothing. (He starts to walk away.)

Walter.

Wait a minute, Morgan. (He goes over to the old man C.)

What is your name?

Powers.

My name—my name is Henry Powers.

Walter.

What! Not Henry Powers—the cattle raiser?

Powers.

Yes—who are you?

Walter.

That doesn't matter now—I know of you. What brought you to this condition?

Powers.

Throttled by the meat trust. Twenty years ago I was a prosperous cattle dealer, but ever since the great Trust has been organized it has been a losing game with me, and I was finally driven into bankruptcy through the scarcity of feed. Today I am dying a pauper. Crushed by the system that breeds these damnable money sharks. Nobody can escape them. My God! What is to become of me?

Walter.

Morgan, give this man work. This man is starving.

Morgan.

Then let him go to the hospital—this ain't a charitable institution.

Walter.

Give this man work, Morgan—I'll pay for his job.

Morgan.

Oh, that's different—if you pay for it. But he can't hold a job—he's drunk half the time.

Omnes.

That's a lie—he is around here every day. The man don't drink, he's starving.

Walter.

(Kindly taking the old man by the shoulder.) Never mind, Powers—we'll take care of you. Here! (Giving him a bill.) You go home, and get a good meal, and attend to your wife, and come to work in the morning.

Powers.

(Taking the money.) God bless you, young man. God bless you! (Goes out R. I. E. Winslow enters C. and comes down toward L. C.)

Winslow.

(Pushing himself to where Walter stands—Angrily) What are you doing here?

Walter.

(The men respectfully give way, and listen at a distance to the following scene.)

Well, father, as I have to earn my own living—I have just bought a job.

Winslow.

Indeed—where are you going to work?

Walter.

In the Winslow Packing Plant—and I have paid a dollar for that privilege.

Winslow.

(Sneeringly.) It looks as if you were trying to make an ass out of yourself. (In a rage.) I won't

have you stirring up my men to revolt. Things are bad enough as they are.

Walter.

I could not stir them up to revolt, if the conditions they were working under were fit for decent men. You have had your chance but refuse to treat with them. And now the unions have determined to force you to their just demands for an increase of pay, or call out every union man in your plant.

Winslow.

They will never go out.

Walter.

Oh yes, they will. These men are fighting for the lives of their women and children—and will go out in a body.

Winslow.

I did not think it possible that you would act as you have done, to disgrace yourself by working among common laborers, when I offer you a better chance in the office, and some day make you part owner in the business.

Walter.

(Hotly.) I am proud to be among the toilers who produce the wealth you enjoy. Some day it will be impossible for you or any other man to live on the fruits of another's labor.

Winslow.

But why didn't you come to me for a position? I could place you as superintendent—or foreman.

Walter.

I wanted to select the work which I would like best.

Winslow.

(Sneeringly.) The work you like best. Damn it! Walter, you have degraded yourself by associating with the common herd. Don't cause any dissension among the men by your anarchistic teachings. It has

a tendency to breed unrest among them. They lose interest in their work. So, drop it!

Walter.

Never! I have just begun.

Winslow.

You defy me?

Walter.

Yes—the principle I am fighting for is greater than my duty to you.

Winslow.

Then go your own way. But I warn you—you will get no aid from me. And you cannot work in these works—I won't have it.

Walter.

You can do as you please. Thank God, there is a chance for me elsewhere. But, father, I want to give you this last warning. America is sleeping on a Vulcano —a volcano of the righteous wrath of millions of wage earners who are being throttled.

Winslow.

A dream!

Walter.

A god's truth. You have a soul of iron, and a heart of steel. You grind out the lives of human beings for dollars. Your men have asked you in a quiet way for an advance of a paltry sum in order that they may meet the demands of the increased cost of living. Now I would advise you to be careful, for while you have the law—they have the power, and can crush you as surely as the men under Washington crushed King George.

Winslow.

You are threatening me?

Walter.

No, sir. Just giving you a sensible warning.

Raymond.

(Enters hurriedly from C. and comes down to Wins-

low.) Here is a note from the Unions that demands immediate action.

Winslow.

(Taking the note and reads aloud.) The Beef and Pork Packers Union demand a ten per cent. increase in wages, and an eight-hour day. (Laughs heartily.) Why, this is a joke. I won't recognize this Union or any other Union—and as for their demands, I will only treat with my men as individuals.

Walter.

Father! You are facing a crisis. You know what the last trouble cost you, and in the end, you were compelled to recognize all the different unions organized among your men. You surely don't want to take up that fight again after that lesson.

Winslow.

This is as much your work as anybody else's.

Walter.

I am only doing my duty to these poor devils, who are in need of friends.

Winslow.

Your duty. I'll show you what my duty is to the men whom I represent. Raymond—how is business generally with our concern?

Raymond.

Things are going on splendidly, sir. We are making larger profits than ever before, in the history of this corporation.

Winslow.

Good! We'll need money to win this fight.

Raymond.

The small dealers are howling some about being crowded too much lately through the sharp advance in prices.

Winslow.

Let them howl! We must keep after them until we

absorb the remaining independent companies, and gain a complete monopoly of the meat business.

Raymond.

And what answer shall I take back to the delegates? They are among the workmen now.

Winslow.

That we are running this business to suit ourselves, without dictation from anyone, and that their demands are refused.

Walter.

Father, consider! It means a long strike with all the hardship a strike usually involves.

Winslow.

And Raymond—telephone the Chief of Police that we are expecting trouble at the plant and to send up a couple of hundred men immediately.

Walter.

Father, not the police! These poor people—

Winslow.

Obey my orders, Raymond. (Raymond exits L. 2 in gate. Turns to Walter.) And as for you—get away from this property. If you are caught inflaming the men I will have you arrested for inciting to riot.

Walter.

Father! Can't you see that you are only a part of this heart-crushing system?—A system that produces want, crime, misery and desolation over the whole earth.

Winslow.

I have heard all I want. Leave this place at once.

Walter.

Then if you mean to fight—you shall have all you want! But, whatever happens, father, you must not think I am fighting you as an individual. I am trying to tear down this infernal system of robbery. (Exits by gate L.)

Winslow.

Confound his stubbornness! But, why should I worry? He has chosen to bring all this on himself. The unions have become so arrogant lately throughout the whole country it is about time a halt was called on them.

Raymond.

(Enters hurriedly from gate L.) Mr. Winslow, McNagle has called a general strike. Even the common laborers are going to quit in sympathy with the others.

Winslow.

Damn them! I'll starve them back to work again.

Raymond.

By tonight every packing house in Chicago will be crippled for the want of men. What is to be done?

Winslow.

Nothing at present.

(Voices are heard singing the Marseillaise in yard L. Raymond darts to the gate.)

Raymond.

They are assembling in the yard.

Winslow.

Don't lose your head, Raymond. The police will be here soon.

Raymond.

I am afraid this will lead to serious trouble, sir. When the strike was called some of the men began to curse and swear, condemning the action you have taken in refusing to deal with them.

Winslow.

The police will deal with them. (Winslow and Raymond X to corner of Employment Office R. The singing gets louder.)

Wallace.

(Fritz enters excitedly from the gate followed by Billy Wallace—an Industrial Worker of the World.

He has on a bloody apron, as though he had been in the slaughtering department. He is a very large man, and his sleeves are rolled up to the elbows.) Mr. Winslow —I want a chance to talk to you.

Winslow.

Well, what is it? Who are you?

Wallace.

My name is Wallace—and I belong to the Industrial Workers of the World. We don't want trouble unless it is forced on us, but you have got to right some of the wrongs, or we declare war.

Winslow.

What wrongs are you complaining of?

Wallace.

There are two poor Italians who paid a dollar apiece for their jobs—that have been fired because they stayed home yesterday, both of them too sick to work.

Winslow.

That is up to your superintendent. Whatever he does, goes.

Wallace.

But it isn't fair. The foreman has been grafting on these men for weeks. These poor devils had to pay the foreman five dollars a month to hold their jobs—then he fired them. These men must be put to work.

Winslow.

I won't allow you to dictate who shall, or who shall not, work here. I am your master.

Wallace.

Yes—and we are your slaves. But these men have not been given a square deal. Why were they not paid up to date when they were fired?

Winslow.

There is a rule here in this plant that no one can draw his pay until the end of the month.

Wallace.

These men need the money for their families. They

have a right to it, rule or no rule—and we are going to see that they get it.

Winslow.

How dare you talk to me in this manner? You are discharged, sir.

Wallace.

(With a loud derisive laugh.) You can't fire a man who has quit—and who will take the rest with him. You have had your chance, and by God who made us, we will take the rights which have been guaranteed us by the Constitution of the United States. (Up to gate —yells out—)

Men! Men! Throw down your tools—throw down your tools! He won't listen to me. (A mighty shout is heard off stage—and men and women in their working clothes surge out of the works—some of them have their dinner pails with them. They are wildly singing the Marseillaise. Wallace tries to quiet them.) Men! Men!

Omnes.

Three cheers for Billy Wallace! Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!

Wallace.

Men—men—listen! Fellow Workers: (Holds up his hands for silence.) You must unite into one grand union. In the past you have gained very little, for the reason that one bunch of workers were pitted against another set employed in the same industry, which brings on defeat in wage wars. We, the I. W. W., firmly believe the best weapon to use in this class struggle is the "General Strike." There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of workers, and only the few, the employing class, have all the good things of life. Show yourselves men and stand by the I. W. W.

Omnes.

(A terriffic yell goes up—some sing the Marseillaise.)

Winslow.

(Standing on the bench R.) Men—men—listen to me!

Omnes.

(A storm of cat calls—hisses and jeers greet him.)

Walter.

(Jumps on the box vacated by Wallace and quiets them.) Men! Give him a chance to be heard! (They finally quiet.) Men—you know me—this man is my father—give him a chance to be heard.

Winslow.

If you call yourselves Americans, you will give me a hearing.

Omnes.

Go ahead, spit it out. The same old bunk, I guess. (etc.)

Winslow.

Men, you have allowed yourselves to be led away, and your minds inflamed by a lot of hot-headed agitators. You can gain nothing but poverty and privation by the course you are about to pursue. We are conducting our business under the protection of the law, and can call upon the whole power of this Government to protect us.

Omnes.

We are the law. We are the Government. Why do you starve us? Give us a square deal. The poeple should rule. (etc.)

Winslow.

The increase of wages you ask for, we cannot afford to give.

Omnes.

A lie, you lie. (Cat calls, etc.)

Winslow.

Go back to your work, and I promise you that the matter will be taken up immediately, and given our earnest consideration.

Wallace.

The same old bunk, boys. (All laugh.) (To Walter.) Tell them the truth, boy, tell them the truth.

Walter.

Fellow workers. (Mighty cheer goes up.) I believe you to be right, and am with you. (Another cheer.) You have been called upon by the delegates from your different unions to lay down your tools and go out on strike. I believe that order is justified, and I say—let every man obey that order. Anyone who commits an act of violence is an enemy of organized labor, and the working class in general. They are telling you that America is the greatest and the freest country in the world; that it has more money than any country in the world; they are right; all the freedom, all the prosperity—all the happiness—all the luxury is divided among the eighteen or twenty people, while you who produce it are just removed from starvation. But the change will come, men—if you pull together. There will be no need for violence; there will be no need for bloodshed. Now, go to your homes, you can live as God intended you to live—as human beings.

(There is a riot of cheering—all sing the Marseillaise—the band forte. All march up stage C. and off R. U.—the curtain rises and falls—the stage is empty but for Winslow who is crushed, seated on the bench. The distant cheering of the mob off stage.)

(Curtain.)

ACT III.

Prison Scene.
Row of Cells.
Door Table Door.

(The cells are painted, and each door is practical.)

(Scene: interior of a prison. The cells are arranged Nos. 1, 2, 3, at back. The C. cell is occupied by Walter and Dave. The cell right by Fritz and Wallace. The cell L. C. by the other two prisoners. There is a door R. L. E. that leads into the interior of other cell rooms. And a door L. I. E., that leads to the street.)

(At the rise of the curtain, Fritz is being brought in. Wallace is in the cell. There is a table and two chairs in the corridor outside of the cells. The doors into the cells C. are practical.)

Simpson.

(He is the jailer, in uniform, a rough-spoken, brutal man about 40 years of age. Heard outside.)

In with you—go on now or I'll bat your head in.

Fritz.

(Heard outside L. I. E.) Vait a minute—I want a talk mit you.

Simpson.

(Roughly shoving him in.) Get a move on you, you Dutch bum.

Fritz.

Don't you call me no names, you loafer. Py golly, in a minute I get mad all ofer, and ven I got mad all ofer, py golly you fellers look oud.

Simpson.

You'll sing another song before you get out of here,

you big Dutch cheese, unless you keep a civil tongue in your head. (Goes over to him in a threatening manner.) Do you know what we do to anarchists in here, do you?

Fritz.

How should I know—do you take me for a regular chail pird?

Simpson.

(Gives him a straight arm and sends him sprawling) That's what we do to anarchists.

Fritz.

(Jumping up mad.) Und for dot—I'll—I'll—

Simpson.

(Threateningly up to him.) Well, what will you do?

Fritz.

I buy you a glass beer—if you'll let me out.

Simpson.

(Moving away from him.) I thought as much.

Fritz.

(Aside.) Py golly! He's a tough mugs.

Simpson.

(Turns on him suddenly.) What's that?

Fritz.

Noddings. Don't you get me too mad now. Alreadty my blood iss boiling over in the indicknations at being arrested. Der whole goings iss an insult; but you can't expect noddings from a boliceman; he's got no brains.

Simpson.

(Who has opened the cell door.) Into your hole, Dutchie, into your hole.

Fritz.

But you can't put me in chail! You can't put me in chail!

Simpson.

(Gets him by the scruff of the neck and throws him

in.) No, I know we can't—but we do.

Fritz.

(Shaking his fist at him through the bars.) It's a good thing for you dot I'm locked up, or I'd scramble dot Irish mugs for you.

Simpson.

(Threateningly to him.) You get gay with me, and I'll put the hose on you. (Exit L. I. E.)

Fritz.

(Yelling through the bars.) Hey! some one come here and let me out. I ain't done notings. You can't put me in chail?

Wallace.

(Coming to the cell door L. of C.) What's the matter, Dutchie?

Fritz.

Open dis pird-cage mit me. I vant to get oud.

Wallace.

Oh, take it easy Dutchy, they'll let you out—in a year, or two or three.

Fritz.

Golly! I will forget how to fly. Have they got you in a pird-cage too alreatty?

Wallace.

Yes, but that's nothing, I've been in so often I'm getting used to it.

Fritz.

What for?

Wallace.

For trying to get freedom for the poor wage slaves. Were you mixed up in the riot?

Fritz.

Mixed up! Gott in Himmel! Yes—I shtart to run avay—but I run through the bow legs of a boliceman—und he sit down on me.

Simpson.

(Bringing in Walter and Dave, L. I. E.) Get in

here. You're a nice looking bunch of anarchists you are. What were you trying to do, start a revolution?

Walter.

We were trying to better the conditions of just such men as you are.

Dave.

Don't waste your breath on him, Walter—he is not worth it.

Simpson.

You feel pretty brave now, don't yon?

Dave.

Well, we are not scared, at any rate.

Simpson.

The less you say the better it will be for you.

Dave.

You don't have to tell me that; I've heard of your kind before.

Simpson.

(Makes for him and starts to use him roughly.) Fresh guy, eh! Well, here's the way we handle your kind. (He grabs him and is about to beat him.)

Walter.

(Jumps in and yanks Simpson away from him.) Wait a minute; the boy didn't mean any harm.

Simpson.

Do you want some of it to?

Walter.

Not unless it's forced on me, and if we have to fight, we'll go the limit. But don't think we are friendless. My name is Walter Winslow, my father owns the Winslow Packing Plant, and while we differ on a good many things, if he knew that I was being abused in here, how long do you suppose you'd hold your job?

Simpson.

Winslow? Why didn't you say so before?

Walter.

Because I only want a square deal.

Simpson.

(A change in his manner is noticeable.) That's all right. I thought you was one of these striking chaws and we're death on them kind of guys.

Walter.

I am a striker, and am proud of it.

Simpson.

The sheriff is looking for re-election, and we got to do the work, to get him there, and the Unions are working dead against him. But I'll make it as easy as I can for you and your friends.

Walter.

Thanks.

Simpson.

There's a whole bunch of agitators they are rounding up—the jail is full of them. I guess you'll have to stay in this room till some of the others are sent up the river. We ain't got room for 'em.

Walter.

Well, there's one thing sure—when they fill the jails, they won't find enough men to do the work at the packing plant.

Simpson.

(To Walter.) You can stay out here, but the rest of them will have to go in the cells.

Dave.

All right, where is my parlor?

Simpson.

You go in there (pointing to his cell), and your's in here. (All go to their respective cells.) (As Simpson starts to exit.) And remember—the rules of the bull-pen is silence—or the water-cure.

(Exit L. I. E.)

Fritz.

(Yelling out.) Say, porter! Oh, porter!

Simpson.

(Coming back.) What's the matter with you? I ain't a porter.

Fritz.

No, den tell der porter to bring up some ice-water to room 13.

Simpson.

Don't get fresh, Dutchy, or you'll get more water than you can use. (Exits.)

Fritz.

Hey, landlord! Landlord! Chust a minute.

Simpson.

(Re-enters—is mad.) Say! What are you trying to do—kid me?

Fritz.

Nein! Tell der cook to bring me swei beer mit mine sour krout.

Simpson.

(Stalking out mad.) Oh, go to the devil!

Fritz.

But I can't do it—you got ter key.

Dave.

I wonder what they are going to do with us, Walter?

Walter.

There is no telling what they will do with us—even though we are innocent. There is mighty little justice in the courts for the working class.

Wallace.

Some of these days they will wake up, and get a taste of their own medicine. If the poor man committed as many crimes in proportion to their numbers as the rich, this country would be a slaughter house.

Simpson.

(Enters L. I. E. to Walter.) There is a lady to see you.

(The prisoners retire into their cells and do not come out nor are they seen during the following scene.)

Walter.
A lady?
Simpson.
Yes, she said her brother is locked up here; but she asked for you particularly.
Walter.
Is she allowed to come in?
Simpson.
No, but I can make an exception in your case.
Walter.
Thanks.
(Simpson exits L. I. E. Walter to Dave.) It must be Grace, Dave.
Dave.
(At cell door.) I don't want to see her, Walter—I'm ashamed.
(Simpson shows in Grace L. I. E.)
Grace.
(Walter comes down to meet her C.) Oh, Mr. Winslow! Have you seen Dave?
Walter.
Yes, don't worry. We will all get out of this mess all right. We have committed no crime, and have nothing to be afraid of.
Grace.
I am so glad to hear you say so, but I have been worrying about you both.
Walter.
(Indicating chair R. of table, he gets behind it.) Don't worry, Grace. There are two of us to take care of you now, Dave and I.
Grace.
Dave will—because he is my brother—but you—I am afraid you will soon get tired of protecting a girl who has to earn her own living.

Walter.

I am earning my own living too, now. The only difference between the rich I have known, and the poor I want to know, is one of money. But that is a condition we are working to change. We will yet prove to the millionaire that all individuals are linked together in a vast brotherhood—the brotherhood of man.

Grace.

But why do you give up the luxuries of a rich home to share the burdens of the poor? What incentive is there?

Walter.

The incentive of a guilty conscience. For months I have been conscious that the food I eat, the clothes I wear, have been earned for me—that I have not earned my cigar money. The toiler in the factory and the child in the mine are giving their lives to keep me in idleness. The sweat from the brows of these poor devils sours every bit I swallow.

Grace.

Yes, it is all true—quite true.

Walter.

But that is not my only reason. For months I have watched the struggles of a dear little girl to keep her head above the waters of poverty—and perhaps worse. For months the conviction has grown upon me that I loved her, and that I was entirely unworthy of her; that in order to win her—I had to belong to her world—to talk understandingly of the things she understood—to take my part in the battles she is waging. You see—I am not altogether unselfish.

Grace.

(Faintly.) I—I hope you will both be very happy.

Walter.

I know we will, if I can get her consent to be my wife.

Grace.

Are there many who would refuse you?

Walter.

In the world she lives in—yes. For she works in a world where the women suffer the most. Where they do their part to keep the wolf of poverty from the door. In a world where they are doing their share of the fighting—the suffering—the dying. Where with calloused hands they add to the rich man's riches by day and at night rock the cradle of the helpless child. Where the true, brave womanhood of this nation is found—in the ranks of the workers.

Grace.

You, in love with a working girl?

Walter.

Yes—a working girl—the girl whom I am now asking to be my wife—will you?

Grace.

(Rises with a start.) Walter!

Walter.

I know I have been unworthy of any good love till I met you, but my feet are on the right path now, and if you will have me, I'll do my best to make you happy. Will you marry me?

Grace.

But your people—what will they say?

Walter.

What they may say is not troubling me in the least. It is in what you say—that my whole future happiness rests. I am in earnest. I love you; will you be my wife?

Grace.

(She looks at him intently a moment.) Yes! (She goes into his embrace.)

Simpson.

(Showing in Mr. Winslow.) There he is.

Winslow.

Walter. (Walter and Grace disengage—Grace in confusion, goes R.)

Walter.

You!

Winslow.

What is the meaning of this?

Walter.

Meaning of what? Oh, yes—I had forgotten that you knew nothing of this. Permit me to introduce to you the future Mrs. Walter Winslow.

Winslow.

What nonsense is this? If I remember right—she was working in the plant.

Walter.

Yes, but her working days are over. I will do the work now.

Winslow.

Are you going stark staring mad? To marry this woman who—

Walter.

Be careful what you are saying, father.

Winslow.

I repeat—this woman whom all your friends will refuse to meet, that has done God knows what?

Walter.

Yes, God does know. He knows how she has been crushed body and soul by a soulless system of greed. He knows she is pure in both body and mind. Can you and your kind say as much for your daughters? Can you? Can you?

Winslow.

Do you compare this creature with your own sister?

Walter.

Yes, and the sister loses by comparison. One wastes her love and affection on a lot of blooded cats; this one, in spite of her poverty—in spite of the fact

that she must earn her own living—has still some sympathy left for God's honest poor.

Winslow.

It shall never be. She shall never disgrace my home and family.

Walter.

You are right. (Taking Grace in his arms.) She will honor and make happy a home of her own.

Winslow.

But your mother; have you no thought of her?

Walter.

Yes, but there are thousands of mothers who love their children, as she loves me, and thousands of children who love their mothers as I love her, who are in more need of help than my mother.

Winslow.

There are more important matters to discuss. I wish to see you alone.

Walter.

(To Grace.) Will you please wait in the corridor, dear, I won't detain you but a few minutes—and be sure and wait; I have a million things to say to you.

Grace.

(They are at door L. I. E.) Don't be long, Walter. There are a million things I want to hear. (She exits. Walter stands looking after her.)

Winslow.

Is it true that you knew my plant was to be blown up with dynamite?

Walter.

(Turns to his father.) No, sir. If we had to commit murder to gain our ends, we would use the same weapons our forefathers used in the Revolution.

Winslow.

What are you charged with then? You must have committed some crime.

Walter.

Yes, I protested against the conditions the poor are working under, and was arrested and thrown into jail, as an anarchist.

Winslow.

The District Attorney tells me that you were arrested for complicity in the dynamiting of my plant. He also informs me, that if you testify for the State, and expose the real leaders, that you will be given immunity.

Walter.

It's a good thing you are my father—or I would strike you dead at my feet for suggesting such infamy. To purchase freedom at the expense of others. I don't know—and if I did—I would die before I would tell you.

Winslow.

Then you must suffer with the rest—and the punishment will not be light, I promise you. But I have influence, and can get you released, if you will only be reasonable.

Walter.

Reasonable! You mean, if I perjure myself to secure my own freedom. But you shall know the truth. It was your Superintendent who planned the dynamiting, and had it carried out, so that the crime could be charged against Union Labor.

Winslow.

Impossible.

Walter.

It is done every day. The next move will be to get some poor wage-slave to confess that he placed the dynamite and was engaged by the officers of the Labor Union. It is easy to get a poor devil to perjure himself for a few thousand dollars, for he probably has been slowly starving to death for years, and the prospect of what to him means wealth is enough to make him sell

his soul to escape poverty. But, thank God! such men are few. The majority of workers prefer slow starvation to sudden wealth gained by betraying their comrades.

Winslow.

I have done my best to save you from this folly.

Walter.

Folly? It will turn the workers to political action. They see how the judges are deciding against them in this strike on all injunction proceedings. They have been shot down by the militia and clubbed by the police. They are torn from their families and thrown into jail.

Winslow.

And what shall I say to your mother?

Walter.

Say to her that her son is a soldier—battling for the common good. Tell her that her son is in the ranks playing a man's part in the fight for human rights.

Winslow.

(Exits L. I. E. shaking his head.)

Guard.

(Scratching his head as though puzzled.) Well, by gad! you fellows get me. Either you are all crazy as bats, or there's something in what you say.

Walter.

Something in it? Why, man alive! it is our only hope.

Guard.

It's got me going all right. There must be something when a guy leaves a rich home, and refuses to let his rich father get him out of jail. But what do you want to get mixed up with those I. W. W.'s for?

Walter.

Because we are working to a common end—and only differ in the means of obtaining it. They are called thieves, murderers, and bums too lazy to work. Listen to this man Wallace. He is a man like yourself;

he is willing to work. You may not agree with his manner of righting the wrongs we are all suffering from, but hear him, and then say whether he is right or wrong.

Guard.

All right, you sure have got me going. (Going up and unlocking the cells and letting them out.) Come on, boys! You're all together—come out into the bull-pen.

Wallace.

(Coming out.) Bull-pen? Yes, that's a good name for it. We are at home here, all right. We are not considered better than cattle.

Fritz.

(Coming out.) Py golly! They must haf been a lot of bigs sleeping in my bed.

Simpson.

How did you get mixed up in this bunch, Dutchy?

Fritz.

(Scratching himself.) How did I get mixed up mit dese live ones? Py Chiminey, I tink dis place iss a menagerie.

Simpson.

That's only your imagination.

Fritz.

(Angrily.) I don't imagine noddings. Von time I tink it iss a lobster got hold off me, next time a crab. Vy don't you clean dis chail out vonce in a vile? Py golly, I'm hungry. I vould go crazy mit a chunks of liverwurst. I ain't had noddings today but an Irishmans give mit me a milligan stew. How long before we haf a trial, porter?

Simpson.

Your case will come up tomorrow, Dutchy.

Fritz.

Tomorrow. Say, Mr. Porter, I ask you blease tell

der chudge to see dot dis chail is disterfected. I'm scratching all der time.

Walter.

How are you feeling, Wallace?

Wallace.

All right. I'd like to be out of here—I'd like to be in the thick of it again.

Guard.

Do you know the nature of the charge against you?

Walter.

That is the question we are trying to solve.

Guard.

(To Wallace.) Have you got a vote?

Wallace.

No. We don't believe the workers will ever gain anything that way. The bosses keep us moving from place to place. We don't get a chance to stay long enough in one place to register. We believe in direct action, and are going to take back what has been taken from us.

Guard.

Yes, and get hung for your pains.

Wallace.

They may kill us—but the cause will go on forever.

Guard.

It's a queer mix. I don't understand it.

Wallace.

And there are thousands that don't know more about it than you do, and anything they don't understand is wrong. We have been made what we are. Our song is the "Marseillaise." Our flag is red. Our God is the angel of discontent. Our watchword is "Abolition" of the Wage System." Our Motto is "One Union, One Label, one Enemy." An Injury to One, is An Injury to All.

Guard.

That sounds like anarchy. You I. W. W.'s are a hard bunch. (To Walter.) Why, he was caught red-handed, yet he declares he is innocent.

Walter.

Even granting that he was, is he as bad as the milk-dealers of Massachusetts? A former member of the legislature of that state declared that more than four thousand babies are killed annually by unclean milk—actually murdered for dollars.

Guard.

(Indifferently.) Yes, I read about that; but that junk is only published for political purposes. What you had better do, if you take a tip from me—(To Walter) is to turn State's evidence against the bunch and get immunity.

Walter.

(Hotly.) State's evidence! That is the resort of the coward.

Guard.

(To Dave, who has been listening quietly to the scene.) And what are you in for? What have they got agin you?

Dave.

I—I am a strong Union man. When the delegate cried quit—I quit. That's what every good Union man will do.

Guard.

And what are the Unions doing for you now?

Dave.

They have engaged the best legal talent that money can buy, and are holding protest meetings all over the country.

Guard.

Good lawyers are expensive. Where do they get the coin?

Dave.

It is given by some other poor wage-slave, who robs his dinner pail, and takes the bread from his children's mouths to do it.

Wallace.

Yes, and that very money goes to fatten the legal leeches who always prey upon the misfortunes of the working class. The encouragement of lawsuits is the only means by which most of the lawyers exist. Why don't you fellows come into the ranks of the I. W. W.? We are the real "Industrial Army," recruiting our members from the working class only.

Guard.

Who is your leader?

Wallace.

Leader! We have no leader. We don't need leaders who can be bought like fish in an open market. Our work is done by committees as the situation arises. (To Dave.) Why don't you join us? Your own father was killed by the system. Haven't you got the nerve to strike back?

Dave.

I may some day.

Guard.

You fellows ain't got no chance, and you ought to know it. The money power will spend a million to crush you, and not one cent for an increase of wages.

Wallace.

Yes, they can stop us from working, but not from fighting. What do they think we are—dogs or men? If a foreign nation attacked this country, who would fight the battles—the money power, the politicians, the bosses? Not on your life! When it comes right to a show down, the worker, who has made the country what it is, will have to do the fighting to hold it.

Walter.

That is true.

Wallace.

Then what is the difference? Is not oppression the same when practiced in this country? If Americans in the year 1776 were patriots then the fighters of 1913 are heroes.

Guard.

That was different. The English oppressed the people of America and gave this country freedom.

Wallace.

(Sarcastically.) Freedom!—the freedom to starve to death! The freedom to work how, when, and for what wage the bosses choose. Freemen! We are slaves just like those convict slaves in the State of Alabama or Georgia. In those States they have no penitentiaries, and the convicts are hired out to the big corporations, who pay the State the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars a year each for their services.

Walter.

What a shame, and a blot upon our nation!

Wallace.

I have suffered myself, although I was innocent. Hounded from place to place, I stole a ride on a train, because I had no money to pay my way. They accused me of robbing the freight. I was haled into court. What chance did they give me? None. I was sentenced to penal servitude for a term of four years. Penal servitude—in free America.

Walter.

Would no lawyer defend you?

Wallace.

A lawyer could not help me, for I was convicted before the case was called. The officer told me it was useless for me to fight the case, as they had all the evidence necessary to convict me. I was told to plead "guilty," and the judge would give me a light sentence of four years. But that if I pleaded "not guilty," that

I would get fourteen years. It was hard to plead guilty when I was innocent—but what could I do?—without money and without friends. I pleaded guilty—and suffered the agonies of hell for four long years—and this in a free country. That's what made me an I. W. W., and if being an I. W. W. makes me an anarchist—then I'm damn glad of it.

Fritz.

Py golly! I vonder ven der next boat leaves for Chermany. (A loud ringing is heard outside. The guard exits, and noise is heard. Shouts of "Get in there!" Several policemen are seen driving a mob of workingmen into the jail. Some of them are bleeding. All of them show marks of ill usage, and are all yelling, "You murderers!" You dogs," etc.,

Walter.

Men; men! What is the matter?

Voice.

They have beaten us and locked us up for holding a meeting on the street.

Walter.

Keep up your courage! Stick together and we will all be out of here soon.

Voice.

What else are we to do?

Walter.

Be as brothers at all times.

Omnes.

Right—good boy! We will.

Grace.

(Hurrying in from L. I. E.) Walter! Walter! Your father has gotten you out on bail.

Walter.

Bail! We want none of his bail—for I am innocent of all wrong. My place is here, with the poor devils he has ground into the dust. To hell with his bail! Give us liberty!

(The mob and all on the stage sings the Marseillaise and have a riot of enthusiasm, throwing up their hats and singing at the tops of their voices, and patting each other on the shoulders.)

Curtain.

ACT IV.

Door Window

Lounge

Bookcase

Cupboard

Table

Door

Kitchen of Dave Owens

(Scene: a kitchen in the home of Dave Owens. There is a window C., showing a street outside. There is a door in flat R., which is used as a street entrance. There is a door L. I. E., which leads into the interior of the house. There is a table C. and four chairs about it. The table is spread with a good dinner. There is a cupboard L. filled with dishes. The kitchen is to be plainly but neatly furnished.)

(At the rise of the curtain, Walter is seated C. of table, Fritz is seated on his R. and Dave is seated on his L. Grace is bringing in more food as the curtain rises. She waits on the table during the scene. All are eating.)

Fritz.

Py golly! I nefer go mit dot chail again.

Grace.

Why Fritz?

Fritz.

Der grub iss not fer a Cherman. Irish stew for dinner—Irish stew for supper and stewed Irish for breakfast.

Walter.

It was pretty tough, Fritz, but if we don't some of us get a job pretty soon, we won't even have a good mulligan, as Wallace used to say.

Dave.

Poor Wallace! They railroaded him all right.

Walter.

Yes, he is one of the martyrs. Ten years for being an I. W. W.

Fritz.

Der lawyer feller said he vas a dynamiter.

Walter.

Give a dog a bad name, and it will stick. They were not able to prove it. They wove a chain of circumstances about him, and had a paid spy to "confess," and the Judge gave him ten years.

Grace.

Have another chop, Fritz.

Fritz.

Sure! and what I can't eat I'll put in my pocket.

Grace.

No need of that Fritz, we always have a meal for a friend. (Grace helps him to a chop.)

Dave.

But we won the strike—and that's something.

Walter.

Yes, but the fight is not won yet. This is only one of the battles. The fight must be kept up till all of them are brought to terms.

Walter.

They can sneer at us all they please; it is worth living and suffering for. Yes, it is worth dying for.

Fritz.

Don't talk mit dying—till I get annoder good feed. I nefer vill get filled up again.

Grace.

I see the papers are changing their attitude. The morning paper is warning the masters to face the inevitable, and treat with the men, before the trouble goes too far.

Walter.

Yes, but the papers are supported by big business. They will not openly join with the workers until they are forced to.

Fritz.

Der next chob I get will be in a restaurant—den I know I vill get all I can eat.

Grace.

(Goes to the door and opens it. Florence enters.)

Florence.

I am Miss Winslow. Is my brother here?

Grace.

Yes, won't you come in?

Florence.

Thank you.

Walter.

Hello, Florence! You are just in time to catch me eating the first square meal since I got out of jail. Let me present my friends. This is Dave—Dave Owens.

(Dave bows.)

This is Fritz—Fritz!

Fritz.

Just Fritz—dots all the name I got—and I'm lucky to have dot.

Walter.

And this is Miss Owens—the girl who is going to be my wife.

Florence.

I am glad to meet you. (She bows to Grace.)

I am sorry to interrupt you—perhaps I can see you later.

Fritz.

You will excuse me—but I have an engagement mit

the first goot meal I have had in ten years.

Florence.

Please don't let me disturb you. I will call again.

Walter.

We are almost finished—I am quite. How is father?

Florence.

Very poorly, this trouble has broken his heart. (Grace clears off the table during this scene.)

Walter.

And mother?

Florence.

Is heart-broken—she speaks of you continually. (Walter turns away to window.)

Fritz.

Vell! I am full of happiness—und porkchops. Now I vill go und get vork for tonight.

Dave.

Work—what doing?

Fritz.

I go on as a super at der theatre.

Dave.

Any chance for me?

Fritz.

Sure! All you haf to do it to carry der spears, un yell—hey!—hey!—hey! (Makes the accepted supernumary noise.)

Dave.

Easy! Are you coming, Walter? You can yell "Hey—hey—hey! boller—waller—waller!"

Walter.

I will see you presently.

Fritz.

Come on, Dave, or der star vill haf a fit. (Dave and Fritz exit in flat R. of C.)

(Grace stays off stage during this scene.)

Florence.

Walter, why do you continue with these people? You have a good home. Mother is grieving her heart out for you—why don't you come home?

Walter.

You will never understand, Florence. I can't go home—till home is a place where I can hold up my head.

Florence.

If you persist in the course you have taken, you will not have a home soon.

Walter.

What do you mean?

Florence.

That mother has a very short time to live.

Walter.

(Turns aside in an agony of indecision.) God!

Florence.

Father has aged terribly—and is quite unfit for business. He is a broken man, Walter, and you have had your share in the breaking. You owe everything to him, and whether he had made his money honestly or not—it has educated you, fed and clothed you. You have helped the men to win the strike. Be satisfied with that, or do you demand the lives of your father and mother?

Walter.

It is not they who I am fighting, but what they represent.

Florence.

That is past and gone. What they have represented belongs to the past. They are two poor souls, almost at the end of their journey, with no thought but of their children. Come home, Walter, and make their lives happy.

Walter.

But I cannot turn back, Florence—I must continue the fight. I am not fighting my own battle only, but the battle of humanity.

Florence.

But why not come home—and do your fighting from there?

Walter.

(Eagerly.) You mean?

Florence.

Come home, Walter! Father is a beaten man.

Walter.

But I cannot return alone.

Florence.

You mean—that girl? (Looking towards the door Grace has exit.)

Walter.

Yes. That girl, as you call her, will be my wife as soon as we can afford to be married. Where she is not welcome—I will not go.

Florence.

But, Walter! Is she worthy of you?

Walter.

She is worthy of any man who lives. She is true—and loves me. What more can a man demand?

Florence.

That too, may come later. The main thing now, Walter, is that you must come home to save your mother's life. (Grace enters.)

Walter.

Grace, my mother is dying, and needs me. What shall I do?

Grace.

Go home, Walter, and when she is better—come back to me.

Florence.

(Walter looks at Florence as much as to say "Didn't I tell you?" To Grace.) I'm afraid I have been greatly mistaken in you, your unselfishness, knowing that he would remain away at a word from you, has quite disarmed me. (Holding her hand out to Grace.) Will you forgive me?

Grace.

(Impulsively.) There is nothing to forgive. We both have seen things from a different angle. Mine, unfortunately, has been from below. (There is a noise of a mob jeering in the distance.)

Florence.

You see, Walter, she has added her prayer to mine —come home.

Walter.

I will—for a short time. (To Grace.) But don't think, little girl, that I will change. I love my mother, but I love you also. And when she is better, I will come back to you.

Grace.

(Into his arms—they embrace.) Walter!

Walter.

(The mob is heard coming nearer—jeering and hooting) What is that? (Up to the door—looks out.) A mob is hooting some poor devil—a scab, I guess. (Closes the door and comes down.) If you wait a moment, Florence, I will be with you.

Winslow.

(Enters, he is feeble, and looks as though he were a broken man—quite different from the arrogant man of the first act. His speech shows his trouble. The mob jeer and hoot at him—and stay outside jeering and hooting.)

Walter.

Father!

Winslow.

Yes. I fear that I am not welcome, and—

Walter.

Wait, father. (Up to door, throws it open and addresses crowd.)

Men! men! Just a moment. (They quiet down.) This is my father. He is broken and whipped. Don't hit a man when he is down. You know where I stand —you know nothing can change me—but show yourselves men in victory as well as defeat.

Omnes.

All right, old boy! He's right. Good boy, Walter, etc.

Walter.

Go to your homes, men. You know what the police will do. If they find you making a demonstration they will fill the jails again.

Omnes.

All right, old boy, etc.

Walter.

(Enters and closes the door.) Well, father.

Winslow.

Walter, I have come to ask you to come home.

Walter.

And the conditions?

Winslow.

You can name them yourself. We have fought them the best we know how but we have lost. I am nothing but an old man, Walter, with nothing left to me but my children. Your mother is slowly sinking to her grave. Come home, boy—come home.

Walter.

I do not wish to reproach you, father. But what you are suffering now has been gone through by thousands who have been your slaves all their lives. What sympathy have you had for them? Mothers have been forced to work to help support their children in the

direst poverty. Fathers have seen their wives and children slowly starve to death for the want of the bare necessities of life. They love their children as you love yours. But what sympathy have they received? They have been pointed to the poorhouse, and later carried to the Potter's field, and buried like common carrion, often without a prayer for the departed soul. You know now what it is to suffer. What will you do for them?

Winslow.

I am done. All I require of any man now, is to end my life in peace.

Walter.

But that is not enough. You must make restitution! You must give back the gold you have wrung from those poor devils. You must make your peace with humanity, before you can make peace with God.

Winslow.

Restitution? Do you think I have played the game differently than other men have played it? I have worked harder than any man in my employ. I have resigned the presidency of the company, and I will retire.

Walter.

Retire—on your ill-gotten gold, while some other man carries on the work of robbery and extortion? And who will take over the leadership of the company?

Winslow.

Don't let us talk of that now. I have not yet made a selection. All I want is rest, and to see you home.

Walter.

I will go home to see mother, of course. But not to stay, unless it is on my own terms.

Winslow.

Name them.

Walter.

That you allow me to continue as I have begun.

That you allow me to use the money you have, to partly right the wrongs you have inflicted on the poor.

Winslow.

(After a pause.) The conditions are accepted. (Pause.) I agree.

Walter.

(Grasps his hand.) Father!

Winslow.

Nothing matters now, my boy. Come home—come home!

Walter.

There are a few preliminaries to arrange first, father. This lady— (He takes Grace by the hand) is one of the poor girls who have worked in the plant. She is to be my wife—and your daughter-in-law.

Winslow.

(Taking her face in his hands.) Well, little girl—to the victor belongs the spoils. Take him, and be happy.

Grace.

Thank you.

Winslow.

Walter, my policy in life has been to fight. You are my son and have the old spirit. I am too old to continue the fight. The Winslow Packing Plant needs a new President. It needs a man at the head of it who will make it a success, no matter what methods it may use, and by the authority vested in me by the Board of Directors—I appoint you our President with full power to act. You have unlimited power—use it wisely.

Walter.

Father! (Grasping his hand.)

Winslow.

Give your orders, Walter. I am glad the burden has been taken from me. I am a broken man—a broken

man. (He sinks into a chair R. of table—Florence goes to him and comforts him.)

Walter.

(Goes quickly up to the door.) Thank you, father! (Addresses men on outside who are cheering.) Men! I have an announcement to make. The Winslow Packing Company have appointed a new President—with full power to act.

Omnes.

Jeers—cat calls—and cries.

Walter.

The name of the new president is Walter Winslow.

Omnes.

Cheers! Cries of, good! Bravo! etc.

Walter.

And the first order the new President issues is—that the Winslow Packing Company willingly and gladly gives to every man and woman in its employ a twenty per cent. increase in wages, and one share of its capital stock.

Omnes.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Winslow!

Walter.

Go back to work tomorrow morning, men. The strike is off.

(The men go off stage singing the Marseillaise, all on the stage motionless till singing dies away. Grace kneeling down beside the old man on one side and Florence on the other.)

You hear them, father! They are singing the Marseillaise, the song of revolution. Five thousand tongues will acclaim—five thousand hearts will sing—five thousand slaves have been set free. The class struggle has ceased. In the future there shall be neither "Masters nor Slaves."

(Curtain.)

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